

Behind the Blue Visor: The ODSTs

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Summary: This is only my first fanfic, so constructive criticism is welcome! This is a story of the ODSTs, Orbital Drop Shock Troopers.

Its only in the beginning now, so there isnt too much to summarize, but more to come!

Behind the Blue Visor: The ODSTs

****Behind the Blue Visor****

****The ODSTs****

****David crawled through the thick bush, his normally black armor smothered in wet, green moss. He kept his view forward, while moving his hands quickly and elegantly, silently communicating with his squad of 7. They moved swiftly, as a mind of one. Even the eyes of an ODST sniper could not penetrate the dense fog and heavy rain of the African forests. Bravo squad slowly advanced on a known Covenant fallback position. They were to rendezvous with Marines at precise coordinates and flank the temporary complex. So far, the insertion had gone completely to plan, the intense training of the ODST squad at its best. But David knew that the mission wouldn't remain that way, it never did when fighting the unforgiving Covenant bastards that lay in wait only 12 clicks away. ****

****20 minutes later, the Marines in Charlie Platoon, Alpha company, 345th Airborne Division received a radio transmission over a secure communication line. "Bravo squad in position, ready to strike, over" ****

"Roger Bravo squad, maintain position and await my mark, over." This was the reply of Captain Recker, a battle-hardened airborne marine who knew the Covenant up-close and personal. His platoon was in charge of recon before the strike began. The grumose fog made a nightmare for his snipers to find targets. To keep quiet, the sniper-spotter teams wrote down enemy targets and approximate positions rather than yelling them to the Cpt. Recker who was in a**

concealed position. After another 15 long minutes lying in wait, the recon was complete.**

***Stationary turrets at coordinates Bravo Zulu one, five, four. Elite patrols of 2 scanning perimeter. Jackals defending main entrances. Estimated enemy strength: 30." The wet paper was hard to read in the dark forest, but the Captain managed to relay the message to the ODSs.**

***Bravo squad, come in." Recker eagerly awaited a transmission from the Lieutenant. Nothing. "Bravo squad, do you read?""**

***Roger Charlie, go ahead, over." A rush of static filled the message, and the Captain's deafened ears could barely decipher the reply.**

***Bravo squad, your team will assault from the east on first fire. Eliminate the roving Elite patrol, then come in with the big guns. Charlie will move in from the South, we will engage first fire and provide support. Confirm, over." Recker's mouth was dry, adrenaline rushed through his body. This was not a feeling that he liked.**

The voice of the ODS Lieutenant was calm, though. Fear was not apparent in his voice. "Roger Charlie, in position and awaiting first fire, over."

Captain Recker gave the signal and his 45 Marines advanced slowly under the cover of 2 sniper-spotter teams. He would be the first to fire, signaling the beginning of the assault on this unwary Covenant facility. Under the cover of thick brush and humid fog, the Marines assembled to open fire. Recker sighted an unwary Jackal through his soft sights, and pulled the trigger receiving a satisfying pump to his shoulder. The bird-like alien's neck sliced open and spat blood all over the nearby wall. A whole platoon of Marines opened fire on the precinct, and Grunts, Jackals, and Elites alike took defense. The stationary gun had a vantage point on the platoon, and opened fire.

***Someone take out that damn gun!" An anonymous voice followed by screams of agony echoed over the com. The trail of fin-stabilized sniper bullets appeared in the air, and the gunner slumped over in a heap. Just as the Elites began to advance on the Marines position, synchronized fire from Bravo squad quickly tore through the shields both menaces in the roving patrol. "Grenade out!" After a 4 second fuse, flesh and purple blood rained down upon the complex.**

***Kennedy, get on that gun!" David barked over the com. Staff Sergeant Kennedy sprinted for the gun under the covering fire of his squadmates. He tossed the dead Grunt from the seat and immediately starting pouring fire onto the exposed aliens. "Perimeter clear, Charlie, move up!"**

Recker waved his platoon forward. Adrenaline rushed through every Marine as they dashed towards the complex. Bravo squad moved into the facility, clearing it room by room while Charlie platoon mopped up the rest of the Covenant and secured the perimeter.

**David was on point, and moving through the Covenant base they came

upon very few enemies. "Hostiles nine o'clock!" Sequences of sustained bursts** **easily eliminated a roving patrol of Grunts.**

Charlie, the premisis is secure.

The Captain's voice stressed his relief. "Roger that Bravo squad. I've just received a secure transmission from ONI, they got Covies runnin' like hell from Mombasa towards _this_ fallback point. My platoon has sustained many casualties, and more wounded. David, we won't be able to hold out like this."

Don't worry Captain, I've got a plan.

Behind the Blue Visor

The ODSTs

Chapter One

The gun spattered a quick, sharp laser sound as David squeezed the trigger. He saw the hands of an enemy go up in the air as he walked off of the virtual battlefield. Chaotic sounds rumbled across the square kilometer area as young combatants moved quickly from cover to cover.

***Move up on the left Lee!" David was elected by his team to lead the squad against the others. His tactics were cunning and unpredictable, usually leaving the enemy helpless.**

***Gimme cover!" The hoarse voice of Lee echoed across the battlefield and firing ceased for a quick second.**

Cover!" David ordered his team and virtual laser guns rattled across** **the field. Enemies ducked down, providing a quick second for Lee to move up on the enemy's flank. More reinforcements strengthened the fire from the left asthe enemy scrambled for cover, baffled by the perfect maneuver.**

***Cease fire! Cease fire!" The loudspeakers over the battlefield alerted everyone. Firing stopped and helmets came off. "The assaulting team has conquered the fortress, well done David. You led your team valiantly and took minimal casualties, while completing every objective, I commend you once again." The voice of their instructor, Petty Officer 1st Class Mendez was sharp and dominating.**

David sat in the classroom, secretly grinning, thinking of his great prowess on the battlefield. He had never lost a virtual engagement, never even came close. He was quick on his feet, and for only 16 years old a most excellent tactician. The military school which he attended was located on the Reach facility, on the outskirts of a major city, Cetili. Only the most prestigious students were recruited to attend this school. It was one of the highest commendations that a young person could receive. The words "ODST Military Training School" adorned the chest of each scholar. Uniformity was important in the military, but stressed even more here at MTS.

**The class was tightly knit, each person knew every other in class.

They had all been attending the same school for four years. As much as they all hated their instructor, they respected and appreciated him with the utmost reverence. Every time that David looked at him, he was reminded of the first time that the two met. Mendez could tell that he was something special right away, from the way that he walked. David had always walked straight and tall, with pride and determination.**

"**Class, listen up." Mendez's soft voice seemed to crack like a whip as the class quickly silenced. "Can anyone tell me, and explain, why the defending team lost?" David quickly raised his hand. "Anyone else?" The Petty Officer shot a quick glare and David and he lowered his hand while another shot up. It was the hand of Ryan, David's best friend in the class. Ryan was stunningly beautiful for a soldier. Her short dark hair seemed to highlight her sharp, green eyes.**

"**Ryan? Let's hear what you have to say." Ryan was commanding the opposite team during the engagement, she had gotten used to losing against David ages ago.**

She stood at attention and faced her instructor. "Sir, the defending team lost the engagement for two reasons: our field of fire did not cover the left flank, and this was exposed. The second reason was because David was commanding the other team, sir." Mendez let out a rare chuckle as the rest of the class smiled and looked around.

"**Excellent answer Ryan. Remember a mistake is only a mistake if you don't learn anything from it." The reaction from the class clearly didn't show the importance of the words that they had just learned. However, they all knew to learn from their mistakes. It was human error to make mistakes.**

"**Class is dismissed for now. Retire to your barracks and change up for supper." The class** **stood as one and snapped a sharp salute to Mendez. "Outstanding job today, everyone." He returned their salutes and moved to his desk to finish the never-ending stack of paperwork on his desk.**

50 student soldiers quickly changed into a khaki uniform and headed on their way to the mess hall. David met up with Ryan on the way, the usual routine.

"**Good job today." She congratulated him on the win with a noticed lack of enthusiasm.**

"**Thanks, you put up a pretty good fight, though." David's reply didn't help the constant losses that she had to endure.**

Dinner went quickly and nearly silently, as almost everything at MTS did. Training was done for the day, now came the unforgiving studying of the night. David and each of his other class members had calculus, Inner Colony history, and many other extremely challenging classes to take every day. They had to study intently each and every night to stay on track. Discipline was key at MTS. An undisciplined student-soldier was a failure, and nobody here liked failures.

**Tomorrow was going to be some intense situational combat training.

Some situational combat training that would one day save the lives of thousands.**

Behind the Blue Visor

The ODSTs

Chapter Two

The Reveille horns sounded in the distance, signaling the start of the day. David jumped out of bed with an intense amount of energy. He was ready for the day, as always. Others slowly slumped out as the regular thumps pulsed through the ground. Each cadet got their uniform on and headed towards the mess hall for breakfast, as usual.

***"You ready for today?" David's voice was fairly loud for the morning. Some people quickly looked around to see who it was.**

***"I was born ready!" Ryan was also defiantly energetic this morning. Her dark hair was done even more perfectly than usual, despite the short amount of time they were given to get into uniform.**

***"I hope we get to learn something challenging today, I haven't had a challenge for a while," David said.**

***"I'm sure it will be."**

After a hearty breakfast, the students headed towards the classroom. Petty Officer Mendez was waiting outside. "Put your books inside, double quick, we're heading down to the virtual armory for the day." Cadets shot up the stairs to put their utensils where they belonged. They came outside twice as fast.

At the armory, everyone suited up in their normal **gear: a chest plate which covered the whole upper body, an ODST style helmet, camouflage bottoms, and combat boots. Each suit was specially designed for each student, molding to their bodies perfectly. This allowed for maximum movement and flexibility while providing protection. Each student-soldier also grabbed their personalized laser guns, the YX-27. The operated something like laser-tag guns, but much more efficient and accurate. They marched towards a brand new virtual battlefield, one that they had never seen before.**

This virtual battlefield was based in a city. Urban combat was tough, but it was a necessity to learn. Targets could appear anywhere: up high, down low, in a window, or behind you. There were never any "frontlines" because of this. Urban combat had to be considered 360 degrees all the time.

Mendez brought the students into one of the buildings where they all sat down on the ground. "Today you are going to learn everything you need to know about urban combat. Later, we will engage in situational combat scenarios, I'm sure you guys will like those." The class smiled in their battle gear, a group of happy, yet very deadly soldiers. "First things first, listen up: be aware. Anything can happen here, you always have to be on your toes."

**They sat and listened intently to Mendez's lectures. He seemed to

know everything. After two hours, the class got on their feet and started the training. They practiced assaulting single rooms, multiple rooms, rooftops, basements, even helicopter insertions. The training went off without a hook. Guns flared and enemies went down with each shot. Training grenades were placed perfectly, each person did their job exactly as they were instructed. The ODST students seemed unstoppable.**

***Outstanding job class," Mendez congratulated them. "Now for the situational combat training that you have all been waiting for. There is one thing that you have to worry about, in the city, that I haven't explained yet." Tension grew in Mendez's voice, he knew that this was a hard subject and that the students would barely be able to comprehend it now. "Civilians. People live here in these cities. Our people. Normally, you would try to protect the people away from the city. But if worse comes to worse, you will have to defend the people inside the city." He looked at every student, each one staring back at him. They didn't understand the importance of this subject, he could tell by the look in their eyes. But one day, they would. "When defending a city with people inside," Mendez let out a sigh, "you might have to do things, differently then normal. The lives of civilians come before your own. We are here to protect them, that's the reason why you are serving. This is hard to understand, but one day you will find the importance of it.**

***Now the situational combat. If it comes to this, a city may, for some reason or another, have to be evacuated. Whether it be a nuclear threat, or something unknown to us. MTS admin has gathered up 1000 civilians for you guys to 'evacuate' from this city." The students looked around, baffled and confused. "And I'm going to teach you how to do it correctly. The eyes of the city are upon you, so do your best."**

The teaching went on for another good two hours. Each student was absorbed by the Petty Officer's speech, despite their confusion.

The amount of information that had to be taken in was enormous. Where to extract the civilians, how to keep your squad intact while moving with civilians, and many other topics were discussed. But the lectures were finally over, it was time to put the student ODSTs to the test.

***David, I have selected you to lead the operation. I know that you will lead the platoon with utmost confidence. Remember, the eyes of the city are upon you, do your best."**

***Aye, sir!" David's voice reflected just that, his best. Every one of his peers had the utmost confidence in him to succeed.**

David briefed his team on how the operation would take place. He had a nearly unlimited amount of resources to use: Warthogs, a Pelican, even virtual air support.

***Operator to Blue-one, come in." Mendez reached David over a private com. "Remind everyone that the civilian lives come before their own, I want them to hear it from you. Begin the insertion when you see fit. Operator, out."**

**David thought about the Petty Officer's request for a split second,

but followed his orders and reminded the platoon. He rounded everyone up, and prepared to move on the city.**

The operation went off without a hitch.

Behind the Blue Visor

The ODS Ts

Chapter Three

4 years had passed, the year now 2552. The once student-soldiers sat in the large auditorium in their class A uniforms. Thousands of spectators traveled from all over the planet just to see these young men and women become full-fledged ODS Ts. The roar of the crowd was deafening. Despite the noise, each soldier kept their bearing, none moving a muscle. All of the hard work over the past 10 years had finally paid off. The class of 2552 was one of the best, and Mendez was going to make sure that everyone knew it.

"**Today we assemble here to see the finest men and women on the planet become soldiers. You are looking at the class of 2552. In my opinion, the finest class to graduate from MTS in the history of the UNSC. These soldiers will travel the galaxy in search of peace and your protection. They will stop at nothing short of it.**"

The crowd broke out into a frenzy of applause and celebration. Each person in the audience felt safe and secure with these soldiers protecting them. They knew that nothing could ever happen.

"**May I present to you, the Orbital Drop Shock Trooper Military Training School class of 2552!" Mendez's voice went hoarse as he bellowed over the crowd. Unbelievably, the audience became even louder. The floor rumbled under the pressure of the noise and chaos. The class stood up and made their journey to the front stage, walking at slow time in step. Their training ends now, but their whole lives and all of the battles in them, still lay ahead. The names of each newly commissioned ODS T rattled through the speakers as they shook hands and received official documents of graduation. Each one walked the same: with pride and honor.**"

To the right of the podium was a man who had earlier not been introduced. However, he had an obvious gleam of importance. His white uniform was one of the few in the auditorium. The devices on his uniform were both plentiful and shiny. Chords glistened on each of his shoulders. Gold stipes adorned both sleeves, showing his high rank.

A man approached him from behind, hidden in the darkness. He whispered into the man's ear. Obviously surprised, the admiral got up from his seat and quickly abandoned the auditorium. He was not seen for the rest of the ceremony.

David watched this all happen. His instincts told him that something important had happened. Admirals don't leave ceremonies like this for small reasons. He looked around violently to see if anything was happening. He saw nothing. None of his fellow soldiers saw the man leave, only expressions of happiness showed. David decided to shrug it off and savor the moment, he was sure that his class would be informed of the situation later.

After the ceremonies had taken place it was time for celebrating. Dancing, drinking, and partying. The new soldiers rejoiced with toasts, the constant clings and clonks of glasses could always be heard. Corks of champagne bottles cruised across the rooms and fizz covered the floor. Music and a steady beat of laughs echoed throughout the auditorium.

An anonymous voice roared through the loudspeakers. The party quickly died. "Sorry to interrupt ladies and gentlemen, but as you know, an ODST's work is never done. All service personnel report to the mustering deck immediately." The voice ended and a click signaled the end of the broadcast. By the time that the civilians figured out what was happening, the ODSTs were gone.

***What's the problem, sir! What could have possibly happened that would force you to end the party!" David's voice showed tension. He was frustrated that the reward for all of his hard work, would never be received.**

***Take a seat, class. What I'm about to tell you may change your lives." The ODSTs looked around, shocked by the words coming from Petty Officer Mendez. "As you all know, we lost contact with the Harvest system in the outer colonies only a few weeks ago. The recon group sent to investigate was also lost. The battle group, found something," Mendez searched for the right word, "unbelievable. The planet was on fire. 'Glassed' I guess you could say. Contact was made with, with something else. They sent us this message, in our language: Your destruction is the will of the gods and we are their instruments. Clearly, this is an attack against the human race, and you are going to protect the good men and women like you have always trained to do."**

End
file.